
Title: CHAOS THEORY

Author: Stephanos

[ENTER Annihlus, clad in
nobleman's garb of
BLACK SILK, bearing a
LIT TORCH. He looks to
the powder approvingly,
then turns to the
audience and begins his
soliloquy]

We are anarchists,
Our souls black pits.
Like dark angels
fallen from the light,
Not truly evil, but
shunning that
which is
bright.

We are creatures of
the shadows

Not in the light, not
completely consumed
by darkness.

And so we are,
creatures of two worlds,
Walking with life,
flying like death birds.
We tread against the
popular flow,
Our world is Chaos,
and we take it blow by
blow.

In a place where
order, structure, and
society reside,
You will find us there,
not
content to abide.
There are those of
Order, foul and fell,
Who would seek to
deny our right to rebel.
They sit in their

towers, rich and fat,
their workers backs
sore from lashes,
While we cry our
elation in bloody
clashes.

We are anarchists,
We are your sons and
daughters,
Neither foul nor fair,
Truth be told, we just
wish the world would
care.

In our lies we hide the
subtlest of truths,
We died young, feeling
invincible in our youth.
subtlest of truths,
We died young,
feeling invincible in our
youth.

[The LIT TORCH drops
onto the powder. CLOSE
CURTAIN]